

come here. The chairs are like the Pevensey chairs, but they are not authentic specimens. I told Mr. Hunsaker that we dealers was done sometimes."

"Often," murmured Tamlin mournfully.

"Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Tamlin and I discovered that these chairs are not what they appear to be." He moved to his desk. "Here is your cheque, Mr. Hunsaker. I return it."

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed Hunsaker.

"I am sorry," said Quinney, "that Mr. Jordan should be disappointed, but his verdict, no doubt, will coincide with mine and Thomas Tamlin's."

"Finest fakes I ever saw in all my life," murmured Tamlin.

Hunsaker stared at his cheque, and then held out his hand to Quinney.

"By the Lord, sir, I'm proud to know you. You're the straight goods."

"Give us time," said Tamlin, "and we'll find you a genuine set."

The big fellow was almost, but not quite, at his ease. He admitted to himself that his former pupil had risen to heights above his master. Nevertheless, the victory was not yet assured. He continued grandiloquently:

"We dealers are prepared to pay for our mistakes, but we don't want 'em made public."

Hunsaker exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"You can bet your boots, Mr. Tamlin, that this mistake won't be made public by me."

"Nor by me," said Jordan. His heavy face